

Old Mother-Money's
FAREWELL

IN

A Country Dialogue

BETWEEN

DICK and TOM.



*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoq; qui feci, Judice; digna lini. Ovid.*

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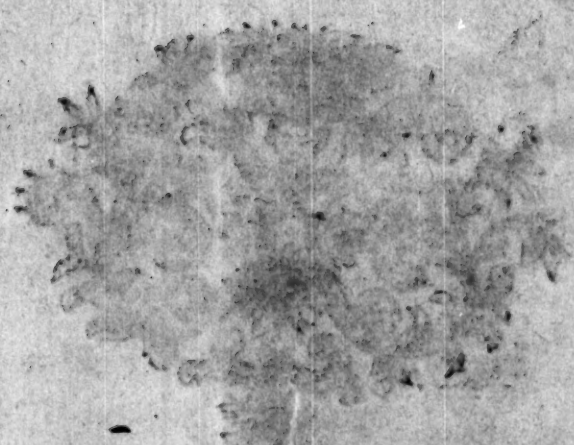
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THE
REVIEW

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THE
REVIEW



Old Mother Money's
F A R E W E L :

IN A
Country Dialogue, &c.

I.

D.  **H Y** *Tom*, since thou can't last
(to Town,
Thou'rt so dejected and cast
(down,

I fear things don't go well :
What does that *Jew* thy Landlord tease thee?
Or Sweetheart make thee thus uneasy,
Or don't thy *Oxen* sell?

A 2

II.

II.

But cheer up *Lad*, be't one or t'other,
 I'll serve thee as I wou'd my *Brother*,
 And act the friendly Part:
 What argues it to languish thus,
 It does but make the Matter worse,
 Then pluck up a good Heart.

III.

Thou know'st our *Parson* tells us too,
 That *Disappointment's* but our due,
 And that the best Redress;
 When things don't happen to our Mind,
 Is to be easy and resign'd,
 And wisely acquiesce.

IV.

When we have put on our own *Chains*,
 We must e'en wear 'em for our Pains;
 Things when at worst will mend:
 Besides in this we are secure,
Rewards for virtuous Acts endure,
 And crown 'em in the End.

V.

V.

It is but pissing at the *Moon*,
 To vex when once a Thing is done,
 For *Fate* will have its Will:
 The more we struggle, fume, and fret,
 The faster we are in the *Net*,
 The more entangl'd still.

VI.

To look before we leap's the way,
 To keep our *Fortune* at a bay,
 All after Wit's a Jest;
 Either there's help or else there's none,
 To sigh, and sob, and make great moan,
 Is foolish at the best.

VII.

Whole *Nations*, *Tom*. have trod away,
 As bad, nay worse than you and I,
 And what's the Consequence:
 If they should sink beneath their *Fate*,
 They'd rather marr than mend their *State*,
 Betray their want of Sense.

VIII.

VIII.

Tom. For shame leave off thy fooling *Dick*,
 Thy simple babbling makes me sick,
 I'll tell thee we're undone :
 I wish y^e had been where I have been,
 And seen the Sight that I have seen,
 When I was last in *Town*.

IX.

I'll hold you what you will, I vow,
 For all you are so uppish now,
 When I the Matter shew ;
 In spite of your *Philosophy*,
 You'll be as much surpris'd as I,
 Look as dejected too.

X

'Tis nothing like what you suppose
 Forty such petty things as those,
 I could with Patience bear :
 But 'tis a thing that's worse than either,
 Nay ten times worse than all together,
 As I shall make appear.

XI.

XI.

D. Faith, Faint thou mak'st my Chap to water,
To know what is the mighty Matter,
That has these strange Effects;
Some prating Fool has made a Tale,
That o'er thy Reason does prevail,
And turns thy Intellects.

XII.

But prithee let the Secret out,
Why should'st thou keep thy Friend in doubt,
Who, as he said before,
Will never flinch nor hang an Arse,
Let whatsoever be the Case,
To serve thee to his Power.

XIII.

A Friend you know is such a thing,
That from the Peasant to the King,
There's no Man safe without him:
I wish indeed that you know who,
I need not name the Man to you,
Had one or more about him.

XIV.

XIV.

I know thy Friendship and believe;
 Thou would'st thy best Assistance give;
 As I would do to thee:
 But when all Thoughts of Help are vain,
 We do but tantalize our Pain,
 As you'll perhaps agree.

XV.

At *Chairing-Cross*, hard by the Way,
 Where we were wont to sell our Hay,
 Sits mounted on a *Horse*,
 The *Figure* of a *Murder'd King*;
 God bless me, when I saw the thing,
 It fill'd me with *Remorse*.

XVI.

And stopping there to take a View,
 I saw a strange confused Crew,
 Both *Foreign* and *Domestick*;
 Some *rave* and *sware*, some *howl* and *yelp*,
 Whilst others bawl'd as loud for Help,
 That even the Form *Majestick*.

XVII.

XVII.

Methoughts, with Pity trembling stood,
 And won'd have spoke too if it cou'd,
 I must acknowledge *Dick*;
 I saw such Sorrow in the Face,
 Such Signs of *Majesty* and *Grace*,
 It touch'd me to the quick.

XVIII.

This with the *Peoples Cries* and *Tears*,
 Which fill'd at once my *Eyes* and *Ears*,
 Would melt a Heart of Stone:
 I'll undertake, had you been by,
 You'd been as much concern'd as I,
 And that was much I own.

XIX.

D. Alas, poor *Tom*, was that the Case
 That makes thee look so like an *Ass*,
 Can't thou be such a *Set*:
 The *Statue* only stands for Form,
 The Man's as if h'had ne'er been born,
 Neglected and forgot.

XX.

You may see thousands ev'ry day,
 Pass and repass in Crouds that Way,
 Without the least *Regret*:
 Nay, I'm inform'd that there are some,
 That ridicule his *MARTYRDOM*,
 His *MURDERERS* abet.

XXI.

And for a *Rabble*, 'tis no more,
 Than we have often seen before,
 They are but *Party Tools*:
 Who when the *Sign* is given out,
 Joyn *Throats* and make a hideous *Shout*,
 To pleasure *Knaves* and *Fools*.

XXII.

T. You take me up before I'm down,
 Why sure I an't so great a *Clown*,
 But I know black from white:
 If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
 I'll undertake I'll clear your doubt,
 And set the Matter right.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Amidst the *Croud* I saw a *Woman*,
 Of *Aspect*, *Garb*, and *Mien* uncommon,
 Attended by two *Lasses*;
 With marks of *Horror* and *Despair*,
 And solemn Signs of *Grief* and *Care*,
 Imprinted on their *Faces*.

XXIV.

Says I to one who by his *Look*,
 I for a Man of Judgment took,
 Can you inform me, Sir?
 What are those sawcy *Womens Names*,
 That seem to blow up all these *Flames*,
 And make this mighty *Stir*?

XXV.

Why truly *Friend*, quoth he, I know,
 No more of them, perhaps than you,
 Only as *People* tell:
 The first is *MONET*, and no doubt,
 She comes with all this clam'rous *Rout*,
 To take her last *FAREWEL*.

XXVI.

Sh'as been unkindly us'd the says,
 And misapply'd a thousand ways,
 But what is that to us:
 Let those look to't that are to blame,
 My only Wonder is the *Dame*,
 Shou'd be attended thus.

XXVII.

For t'other two you with her see,
 They're of the self-same *Family*,
 Some call 'em *TRADE* and *CREDIT*,
 And if she goes, they will go too,
 And then what will the *People* do,
 By all that's good I dread it.

XXVIII.

These always were the grand Support,
 Both of the *Country*, *Town* and *Count*,
 And if they've us'd 'em ill:
 They may *repent*, but you're a *Stranger*,
 And so I will not name the *Danger*,
 Yet you may *Judge* your fill.

XXIX.

D. Why *Tom*. the Man was in the right;
 We must be in a curst plight;
 And only fit for *Slaves*;
 If *Money*, *Trade*, and *Credit* go,
 We may pack up and march off too,
 Like silly *Fools* and *Knaves*.

XXX.

Money is like the *Swords* of *Kings*,
 The *Cause* and *Reason* of all things,
 And if she leave us quite;
 Farewel all Prospects of *Redress*,
 All thoughts of *Comfort* more or less,
 And all *Success* good night.

XXXI.

I'll sell my *Stock* and let my *Farm*,
 And seek some place where free from harm,
 I may in quiet be;
 For who would stay upon a *Spot*,
 Where there is nothing to be got,
 But *Rags* and *Poverty*?

XXXII.

XXXII.

I thought indeed you'd change your *Tone*,
 But *Dick*, if you'll let me go on,
 And can with Patience hear :
 You'll say my Fears are not ill grounded,
 Like me be startled and confounded,
 The Occasion's so severe.

XXXIII.

But to proceed amidst the *Rabble*,
 Where *Noise* and *Outcries* formidable,
 From ev'ry Mouth burst out :
 The *Matron* put herself in view,
 Where they might see and hear her too,
 And thus accosts the *Road*.

XXXIV.

Britons I have been so long your *Slave*,
 Till I have wasted all I have,
 Your *Property* and *Toil*;
 And to your Honour be it spoken,
 Don't find you better by a *Token*,
 So much you've play'd the *Fool*.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Nay you are rather worse I fear,
 As will by your *Accounts* appear,
 Then what can I suppose:
 Why nothing surely by my Stay,
 Unless 'tis still to be a Prey
 To those I find my Foes.

XXXVI.

Some trick and cheat, and some purloin,
 And some in senseless *Projects* joyn,
 To rob me of my *Store*:
 There's nothing now is brought to pass,
 So hard and wretched is my *Case*,
 But still I pay the *Score*.

XXXVII.

Which *Party* gets the uppermost,
 'Tis I that always pay the *Cost*,
 The rest is but Pretence:
 What e'er is done, or what intended,
 New *Projects* made, or old ones mended,
 'Tis all at my *Expence*.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Oh *Belov'ds* think what I have done,
 How often I have brought you home,
 With *Glory* and *Success*:
 How oft *reliev'd* and *sav'd* the *State*,
 When *Bent* and *Sinking* with the weight,
 Of *Danger* and *Distress*,

XXXIX.

Either for me, or by my Aid,
 All your best *Stratagems* were laid,
 In short, to me is owing
 All your *Success* for many *Years*,
 As by my *running Cash* appears,
 Yet now you seek my *Ruine*.

XL.

If you'd look back, and take a View
 Of all that I have done for you,
 It must your Wonder raise:
 Instead of that you blunder on,
 And negligent of what I've done,
 Still follow your own Ways.

LXI.

XLI.

You will do this because you will,
 And I must bear the Burden still,
 But if you wou'd reflect;
 If you wou'd think like Men of Sense;
 You'd find I cannot raise the Pence
 To do what you expect.

XLII.

Indeed were I secure you'd mend,
 I'd try once more to be your Friend,
 And make the last Effort :
 But that I fear's a vain Surmise,
 You're too much harden'd to grow wise,
 Too desperate too in short.

XLIII.

What argues it to stay among,
 A stubborn, dull, ungrateful Throng,
 No favours can secure :
 The more I give, the more they crave,
 And tho' they've swallow'd all I have,
 Yet still they gape for more.

XLIV.

I'll therefore leave you and go try,
 If I can raise a fresh Supply,
 'Tis Nonsense to stay here:
 You may perhaps grow wise at last,
 Reflect upon your Follies past,
 For which you've paid so dear.

XLVI.

On this a hideous Cry began,
 Which quickly through the *Rabble* ran,
 And gathered as it flew:
 The Noise from ev'ry quarter came,
 Some stare and gape upon the *Dame*,
 Some shout and bellow too.

XLVII.

I hardly thought there cou'd have been
 So dismal and so strange a Scene;
 No mortal can express it,
 Nothing was heard but *Poverty*,
Destruction, Ruine, Misery,
 It fear'd me, I confess it.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

D. But *Tom*, to give you time to breath,
 Let me inform you, with your leave,
 The *Court's* a sacred Place:
 And always was in former Days,
 Secur'd from *Tumults* every ways,
 Then let we put the *Case*:

XLIX.

If *Mobs* and *Tumults* are allow'd,
 So near the *Pallace Gate* to crowd,
 Why then the *Case* is plain:
 Instead of mending Matters we
 Have made 'em worse to a degree,
 But now *Complaints* are vain.

L.

There was a time if back we look,
 When senseless *Borchers* undertook,
 To mend the *Church* and *State*:
 And all the *Rabble* of the *Town*,
 Joyn'd Throats to cry the *Monarch* down,
 And fix the *Nations* Fate.

LI.

*Coblers and Tinkers bawl'd to settle
 For mending Shoes and patching Kettle,
 The Government anew;
 And Mob, came crouding to the Palace,
 As oncc a Month they do the Gallows,
 But then what did ensue,*

LII.

*Rebellion, Rapine, Usurpation,
 Broke like a Torrent on the Nation,
 And all Degrees of Woe:
 Our presents, Ills, and those to come,
 Of which perhaps there is no Sum,
 Are owing to 'em too.*

LIII.

*When Rabblies rule and Kings obey,
 And Desperadoes lead the Way,
 How wretched is the Land:
 Ruine and Tumults must engage,
 'Till Vengeance overtake the Age.
 And there we'll let it stand.*

LIV.

LIV.

Then *Tom*, go on, I long to hear,
 If the *old Woman* got off clear,
 And how the *Matter* went;
 For I suspect with all her Art,
 The *Mob* and she could never part,
 Without some bad *Event*.

LV.

T. Why truly she had work enough;
 But to proceed where I left off,
 when she had view'd 'em o'er:
 You bawl and clamour now, says she,
 And with your *Outcries* follow me,
 But never thought before.

LVI.

If you had but, one Grain of Sense,
 You wou'd have thought before from whence
 Your *Preservation* came:
 And not still follow me for Aid,
 Who you so often have betray'd,
 What are you past all shame.

LVII.

Can you expect Relief from me,
 Exhausted now to that degree,
 I scarce can show my Head:
 Believe me I am drain'd so dry,
 I can't your pressing Wants supply,
 My chiefest Hopes are fled.

LVIII.

My *Sister Credit* too, you know,
 Is either lost, or sunk so low,
 She's almost past *Relief*:
 And there's her *Cousin-German Trade*,
 Intirely wasted and decay'd,
 I speak these things with Grief.

LIX.

And now consider if you please,
 In times so very hard as these,
 What's proper to be done:
 Nothing for me, I'm very sure,
 Unless I can Supplies procure
 Somewhere remote from home.

LX.

LX.

Indeed there's one thing, and but one,
 And that is *Retrospection*,
 That can engage my Stay:
 If you could bring but that about,
 At this the People gave a Shout!
 I would not go away.

LXI.

This would enable me I know
 Still to do many things for you,
 To save your *Reputation*:
 But where's the Man among you dares,
 Mention the Matter for his Ears,
 Not one in the whole *Nation*.

LXII.

Since therefore you are grown such *Fools*,
 Such stupid *Novices* and *Tools*,
 I'll leave you to yourselves:
 Altho' you see me pine and die,
 You won't enquire the Reason why,
 You are such perfect *Blues*.

LXIII.

LXIII.

When I am gone, as I suspect,
 You'll quarrel first, and then reflect;
 'Tis Poverty alone,
 Can bring you to yourselves agen,
 And make you act and think like Men,
 And so I will be gone.

LXIV.

Yet first, if I could get Admittance,
 I'd take my Leave, with an Acquittance
 Of some select Allies,
 And of some good Friends that I have serv'd,
 Who had without my Aid been starv'd,
 Informers, Pimps and Spies.

LXV.

Next farewell wife and learned Sages,
 Whom I have rais'd from Ships and Pages,
 To Dignity and Post:
 'Tis I that bought your new Estates,
 Built your fine Domes with gilded Gates,
 At vast Expence and Cost.

LXVI.

LXVI.

How I was first drawn in to be
 Your *Agent* and your *Property*,
 Let those that will enquire;
OLD MOTHER-MONEY is my Name,
 And I shall always be the same,
 Where ever I retire.

LXVII.

You that have Honour bought and sold,
 And truck'd your *Consciences* for Gold,
 I bid you all *Farewel*;
 You City Knights and Country Wives,
 Who buy your Titles for your Lives,
 Observe me what I tell.

LXVIII.

If *Fools* and *Titles* flock together,
 Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather,
 As I am told they do:
 You may reflect when 'tis too late,
 Upon your Pocket or your Pate,
 But none will pity you.

LXX.

For you that now stand round about,
And clamour thus, and bawl and shout,
I bid you all adieu:
When you grow frugal, just and wise,
I'll try to find you fit Supplies,
And then the Dame withdrew.

LXXI.

D. Why *Tom*, I find this *Story* tends
To different Purposes and Ends,
When rightly understood:
If we had liberty to stay,
I'd prove this *MONET* by the way,
Has done more harm than good.

LXXII.

I freely grant *CREDIT* and *TRADE*
Cannot subsist without her Aid;
Nor can we pay our *Rent*;
But these are only Trifles *Tom*,
When calmly we reflect upon
Her Power and Management;

LXXIV.

I think there's hardly any Vice
Of which this *Money* has no Spice,
No Villany projected :
But she always at the Head,
And whither Men is drove or led,
They're still by her directed.

LXXV.

She can procure Assassinations,
Stir up Rebellion and Invasions,
And Perjury abet :
Trepach, betray, corrupt, debauch,
Make Men on others Rights encroach,
And all without Regret.

LXXVI.

Tom, She's the Source of all our Ill,
Sets up and pulls down who she will,
Without regard to Merit :
The *Priests* for her their God deny,
The *Lawyers* Truth and Right defy,
Her Favours to inherit:

LXXVII.

Such is this *Matron's* boundless Force,
 She can invert even *Natures Course*,
 Change Faces, Shapes, and Minds :
 Make wise Men *Fools*, and so agen,
 Make *Fools* and *Blockheads* seem wise Men,
 Just as her Int'rest binds.

LXXVIII.

T. Allowing all you say is true,
 Yet I must tell you 'twixt us two,
 It makes our *Case* the worse :
 For if she has such vast *Dominion*,
 To leave us now, in my *Opinion*,
 Will *starve* and *hedge* us.

LXXIX.

By her is all *Commerce* and *Trade*,
 Improv'd and manag'd, or decay'd,
 In short without her Aid :
 Our grand Affairs must quickly grow
 All motionless, or move so slow,
 We needs must be *betray'd*.

LXXX.

LXXX.

If *Mother-Money* quit the *Nation*,
 There's not a Man of any *Station*,
 But will her loss repent;
 And all our *Neighbours* too will smile,
 To see her leave that *fav'rite Isle*,
 Where she so much has spent.

LXXXI.

That she has done more harm than good,
 I grant there is much likelihood,
 Yet notwithstanding that:
 She must be forc'd to tarry here,
 And not sneak off we know not where,
 To do we know not what.

LXXXII.

I hope there's some will take the Matter,
 And order it so that none come at her,
 But such that she may trust:
 To suffer her to fly from hence.
 On every little vain Pretence,
 Is silly and unjust.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII.

Upon the whole I cannot see,
 How we without her can be free
 From all the *Ills* you name ;
 And therefore *Dick*, to make an End,
 I freely tell you as a *Friend*,
 We must detain the *Dame*.

LXXXIV.

D. We may detain her *Tom*, I grant,
 But if she can't supply our Want,
 The Matter is not much :
 Whether she go to *France* or *Spain*,
 To *Sweden*, *Denmark*, or remain
 With her old Friends the *Dutch*.

LXXXV.

Town indeed we ought to fence,
 Against Revolts of Providence,
 And of the Main take care :
 Wise Men view Danger at a distance,
 And then provide to make Resistance,
 So *Tom*, we'll leave it here.

LXXXVI.

LXXXVL

Our Landlord is a wary Man,
And will, I'm sure, do what he can
For *Mother-Money's* sake :
If he consent that she depart,
E'en let her go with all my Heart,
I'll no *Reflections* make.

LXXXVII.

All our *Desponding* and *Debating*,
Our *Arugments* and *Question* stating,
Do neither Good nor Harm :
If those above us think it safe,
She at this *Juncture* shou'd march off,
I can but quit my *Fate*.

LXXXVIII.

Let *Highb*, or *Low*, or *No-Church* take her,
It matters not, when we forsake her,
Which has the largest Share :
We have this safe and easy Way,
Either to suffer or obey,
And that shall be my Care.

LXXXIX.

(32)

LXXXI

But *Tom*, to drop this doleful Tale,
When we meet o'er a Cup of Ale,
I'll tell you more at large,
What she has done, and what we may
Expect from her another day,
If she can pay the Charge.

LXXXII

All our Desponding and Dour
Our Anger and Questioning
Do neither Good nor Harm;
If those above us think it late,
She at this Justice stand march off,



LXXXIX